

“I hope you like syrup, ‘Friend’!” my used-to-be best buddy bellowed as he hurled a syrupy pancake right at my face.

The syrupy goodness slid down my forehead as I raged with anger. I had no hesitations as I reached for my orange juice. “This will turn you into the Oompa-Loompa you are!” I didn’t know that a little Sunny-D would change my life forever.

It all started two weeks before. A new kid, Michael, had moved into my school. I wanted to be friends with him since the beginning. I hurtled up and high fived him to declare our friendship; he agreed.

We were best friends until one day at breakfast Michael asserted his undying love for the girl that I loved. So, I told him he couldn’t have her or we weren’t friends anymore.

“She’s mine!” I yelled seconds after the orange juice exploded all over him. I was about to scramble him with my eggs when two teachers grabbed us both. The teachers were yelling, but then my attention was quickly averted to the combustion of my heart:

“I don’t like either of them!” the girl we loved pronounced to the whole cafeteria. I rudely ignored the heckling teachers as Michael and I shared the same shame. From that moment forward, we vowed to hate *her* together.